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MR. IVAN CARYLL.

MR. IVAN CARYLL who, in September, 1894, succeeded the veteran Meyer Lutz as conductor at the Gaiety Theatre, is quite a young man. He was born at Liège so recently as 1861. At the age of fourteen he obtained a first prize for pianoforte playing at the Conservatoire of that town, and three years later he won the first prize for composition. When only nineteen he became conductor at the *Théâtre Lyrique* of Paris, and, curiously enough, his first great success as a musical director in England was won at the Lyric Theatre of London. When the late Mr. Alfred Cellier's *Dorothy* was removed from the Gaiety, Mr. Ivan Caryll was engaged by Mr. George Edwardes, and at the Lyric Theatre he conducted 931 performances of that very successful opera. He assisted materially in the production of the same lamented composer's *Doris* and *The Mountebanks*. Previously he had been identified with the music of *The Lily of Léoville* (a comic opera written by M. Felix Rémo), which was produced by Miss V. Melnotte at the Opera Comique in 1882. This was a pleasing work, but it only ran for 48 nights. Whatever the cause may have been it cannot certainly be traced to the music, and many theatrical experts will not hesitate to declare that the Opera Comique is an unlucky house.

Since then Mr. Caryll has produced *Little Christopher Columbus*, which ran for more than a year, *Dandy Dick Whittington*, and *The Shop Girl*. He contributed many important numbers to *La Cigale*, and he has just completed a comic opera of rather more ambitious character for Miss Florence St. John on the subject of *Madame Sans Gêne*.

Mr. Caryll is married to the delightful vocalist and actress whose stage name is Miss Geraldine Ulmar. This talented lady will be remembered in the revival of Sullivan's *H.M.S. Pinafore* at the Savoy Theatre, and subsequently in *La Cigale* and other pieces.

The compositions of Mr. Caryll are characterised by the tunefulness which render him invaluable as a composer of light comic opera, and also by a sound musicianship which it is always refreshing to hear in this class of work. The plantation song, "Honey, my honey," is familiar to thousands who never go to theatres, through the medium of the street piano-organ. It is whistled by errand boys and adored by the masses. Yet it is in its way a genuine inspiration, and when I first heard it as rendered by Miss May Yohe I was intensely impressed. This song was introduced in a French version of *Charley's Aunt*, and another popular favourite from the same pen, "Lazily, drowsily," was utilised in a "Revue" at the Paris *Théâtre des Variétés*. *The Lily of Léoville* has been played with great success abroad in a German adaptation. Mr. Ivan Caryll, who has now every opportunity and ample time before him, may be confidently expected to eclipse all his former efforts in the near future. His *Madame Sans Gêne* will be looked for with the greatest interest.

P. R.

CURRENT NOTES.

The Bric-à-Brac Will (at the Lyric Theatre) is described as an "original" comic opera, but this is to take an optimistic view of either the words or the music. Mr. S. J. Adair FitzGerald is, with Mr. Hugh Moss, responsible for the libretto, but the former very charitably acquits the latter of any share in the "lyrics" or rhymed numbers, to the tremendous *onus* of which he generously devotes his own shoulders. It is not to be expected that Mr. Hugh Moss, whose masterly touch is manifest in the stage technicalities of the production, would care to be associated with such an ungrammatical couplet as the following:—

"Be sure I love you very true,
Now that I give myself to you."

Or with this prophetic view of the bliss in store for united lovers:—

"Under the stars we'll croon each night
Constant lovers for ever,
Making the world one vision bright,
That can be darkened never."

—Except, possibly, by an eclipse. But *Croon*? I thought that was what aged gaffers did over the fire in the novels of Mr. Thomas Hardy. The unsophisticated and frank delight of the Chorus is naïvely expressed in the *finale* of Act II. thus:—

"Comes the Duke, observe his carriage,
Gayer bridegroom ne'er was seen;
And we think this midnight marriage
Far above most things terrene."

Terrene is good, and a likely word for employment by Brigands on a lonely island.

THE music is by Signor Emilio Pizzi, and, not to put too fine a point on it, it is not up to the average of the compositions to which we are accustomed in pieces of this class. So far from being "original," it is, unfortunately, most commonplace, and the best numbers seem to have been designed rather for the catalogue of the drawing-room publisher than for the most legitimate business of comic opera. In the ballad "More sweet than poet's song," admirably sung by Miss Kate Drew, Signor Pizzi, with an obvious eye to the parlour, has supplied a well-constructed song, as he has also in Mr. Frank Celli's "Follow the Drums." All his music bears the stamp of the sound knowledge of an easily contented mind. But there is nothing in it calculated to arouse popular enthusiasm on the one hand, or to inspire the admiration of the critical faculty, on the other. The concerted music is lamentably weak, and the *finales* to the acts—by which a composer should stand or fall in comic opera—are poor things even if Signor Pizzi's own. Mr. Frank Wyatt, Mr. E. W. Royce, Mr. Frank Celli, Miss Kate Drew, Mr. Charles Conyers, Mr. J. J. Dallas, and Miss Fanny Marriott all did their best under more or less trying circumstances. As for Miss Susie Vaughan, it was painful to see that talented actress struggling with a part in which stupidity and vulgarity contended for the mastery.

The scenery, the dresses, and the "mounting" are alone well worth seeing. They are superb. But it is extraordinary that so much money should have been put into such a silly piece.

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Not long ago an appeal was made in the papers on behalf of the son of the composer Balfe. It now appears that the son, aged 62, and mother, now in her 82nd year, of Vincent Wallace, whose *Maritana*, at least, is known wherever the English language is spoken, have fallen upon evil days, and their condition should surely evoke the practical sympathy of the more prosperous in the musical world. In a letter to the *Weekly Sun*, dated November 7th, Mr. William Vincent Wallace, residing at 1, Duke Street, Great Russell Street, W.C., drew attention in pathetic terms to the facts that in New Zealand, Australia, and in America, *Maritana* had been played times out of mind, and that not one penny piece had been received by the family "out of the thousands due" to them for fees. Such a state of things ought not to be allowed to continue. Something, certainly, ought to be done for the widow and son of so gifted a national composer. Rooms in Hampton Court Palace have been granted before now to persons with infinitely smaller claims on the gratitude of the nation than Mrs. Wallace, and it would also seem that she and Mr. William Vincent Wallace would be particularly well qualified subjects for relief from the too limited fund at the disposal of the Government. The 15th of November last was the jubilee of *Maritana*, which evergreen opera was first produced at Drury Lane on November 15th, 1845.

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THE 38th season (38th!) of the Monday Popular Concerts opened most unostentatiously. The programme was very familiar, and the audience was the reverse of large. Mr. Leonard Borwick appeared as pianist, and Herr von Dulong sang with great refinement and distinct enunciation. On November 18th the weather was once more unpropitious and the attendance was comparatively poor. But Herr Rosenthal played a selection from Brahms's "Variations on a theme by Paganini" in a manner that surprised those who were fortunate enough to be present. This monstrously difficult piece had not been tackled in London to my knowledge since Mr. Barth essayed it some fifteen years ago. Mr. Johannes Wolff led Beethoven's String Quartet in B flat (Op. 18), and played the violin in that master's pianoforte trio with Herr Rosenthal. His performance was, in both instances, most delightful and thoughtful. He is an acquisition to our premier chamber concerts.

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ON November 9th, the principal attraction at the Crystal Palace was the late Mr. Goring Thomas's "The Swan and the Skylark," a cantata for solo voices, chorus and orchestra. The words, by Mrs. Hemans, are supplemented by some poetical lines by the accomplished Mr. Julian Sturgis, and by two small additions from Keats and Shelley. The cantata was left unfinished by the composer; that is to say, he had only completed the vocal parts to a rough sketch of the accompaniment, when he was seized by partial paralysis. The orchestral scoring of the work has been very ably carried out by Dr. C. Villiers Stanford, and in its completed form it was produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1894 with much success. It bears on the face of it the composer's individuality and peculiar charm; also, it is redolent of the French School towards which Mr. Thomas always leaned. It is not

however, either the vitality or the virility of his fine opera *Esmeralda*, and though many passages are extremely beautiful and all are worth hearing, the promise of his prime is not sustained in this cantata, which shows obvious traces of languishing power. This concert concluded with Sir A. Sullivan's *Overture di Ballo*, composed for the Birmingham Festival of 1870, and there received with acclamation. As an instance of Sullivan's early and happiest work, this overture is unsurpassed. It is far too rarely heard; for it is graceful, inspiring, and ingenious beyond praise, and would alone entitle its author to the admiration of his countrymen.

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THE revival of *The Mikado* at the Savoy was the signal for a very curious demonstration. The public absolutely "rose at" it. The music, after the twaddle we have been too frequently regaled with in so-called comic-opera, came as a refreshing reminder that we have still in our midst one who can harmonise voices, and write for the orchestra with something like grip and effect! Jessie Bond, Rosina Brandram, and Mr. Rutland Barrington sustained their original parts, and the rôle of Mr. George Grossmith was filled, in a manner that attenuated any regret for that gentleman's absence from the cast, by Mr. Walter Passmore.

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THE memory of Henry Purcell, who died on Nov. 21st, 1695, was celebrated last month by noteworthy performances of his works. His bi-centenary was primarily observed by the Royal College of Music at the Lyceum Theatre, on November 20th, when his *Dido and Æneas*—written in 1680 for Mr. Josias Priest's select boarding-school for young ladies at Chelsea—was capably rendered under the direction of Dr. C. Villiers Stanford. The libretto of this work, by one Nahum Tate, strikes us at the present day as a curious medley of pedantry and absurdity. But even such lines as those to be presently quoted have a certain dignity which is too often lacking. When *Æneas* proposes to leave Dido, that lady observes:

"Thus by the fateful banks of Nile
Weeps the deceitful crocodile."

Alluding, I suppose, to "crocodile tears," which are not generally regarded as sincere. This is an immense instance of unconscious burlesque, but, after all, the lines scan, and rhyme, and are not inelegant, however ridiculous.

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THE performance was creditable, but not beyond reproach. The introduction of additional parts in the orchestra—by Dr. Charles Wood—might have been dispensed with. You hardly honour a man's memory by supplementing his original work with the conventionalities of a later date, Mr. Emlen Davies (as the Sorceress), Miss Helen Jackson (as Belinda), and Miss Ena Bedford (as *Æneas*), all sang well, and their acting reflected credit on their tutor, Mr. Richard Temple.

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AT Westminster Abbey the function in commemoration of Henry Purcell, who there lies buried, was most impressive. After a short religious service came the master's *Te Deum*, which was last heard at the recent Gloucester Festival. Next followed four anthems, the first two of which were furnished with orchestral accompaniments by Mr. John E. Borland, because the composer's scores, if any, have been lost. The remaining two, "Praise the Lord," and "Remember not, Lord, our offences," were pure Purcell, and their effect was



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electrical. On hearing this music it is difficult to believe that its author was *dead* when Bach was only ten years old! The English are now-a-days said to be unmusical; but when Purcell was alive such a charge could not have held water. Henry Purcell, at or about the year 1690, was as great a musician as any then in Europe, and he remains to-day greater than many who enjoy a transitory vogue. If, after the lapse of 200 years, Purcell's artistic work be found to possess the qualities which every artist desires and welcomes, if—as is the fact—Purcell, like Bach, be found to have anticipated with unconscious genius the developments of later science, then, to Purcell is surely due a greater degree of consideration and appreciation than he has hitherto received. And posterity, with the facts before them, will accord him his proper and prominent place in the musical Valhalla.

THE Purcell Commemoration by the Philharmonic Society was not characterised by all the excellence that ordinarily distinguishes the performances given by that body. The "golden sonata" (number 9 of the set of 10 published by the composer's widow in 1692), for some extraordinary reason, was played upon two pianofortes with an orchestral accompaniment. It is taking a great liberty with a piece of chamber-music to convert it into a kind of nondescript band arrangement, and the result was not even effective. The Ode to St. Cecilia was the principal item, and Miss Florence Power, Miss Marion Blinkhorn, Miss Amy Sherwin, Mr. Watkin Mills, Mr. Iver Mackay, and Mr. Oswald were the principal vocalists. The remarkable solo, "'Tis Nature's Voice," was admirably rendered by Miss Power, and the fine duet for basses received a splendid interpretation from Messrs. Watkin Mills and Oswald. But the choral portions suffered from a want of balance. Mr. W. S. Hoyte gave a brilliant rendering on the organ of the Toccata in A.

At the new series of German Reed's Entertainments a "musical farcicality," entitled *Daye and Knight*, was produced with considerable success. The librettist, Mr. Walter Parke, has worked out a little drama on the lines of "Cox and Box," in which two lady lodgers, one an editress and the other the secretary of the "Amazon Club," occupy the same apartments without each other's knowledge. This trifle is set to music by "Louise Barone"—a *nom de guerre* which, I understand, masks a far more imposing title—with considerable skill, and the various numbers are well interpreted, especially by Mrs. Knight (Miss Ethel McAlpine), and Jane the "slavey" (Miss Kate Tully).

THE series of concerts for two pianofortes given by the Misses Suto at St. James's Hall came to a close on November 20th, when their programme, with the exception of Mozart's Sonata in D major, was of the most modern character. On November 6th these talented young ladies executed with the utmost nicety works by Brahms, and the somewhat neglected W. F. Bach. "Der Ritt der Walküren" (Wagner-Ehrlich), though beautifully played, was a good illustration of the futility of reducing elaborate orchestral compositions to the limited resources of pianos; though the performers threshed out their music *con amore*, and, what is more, in complete accord, one could not help feeling that the essential part of this stirring piece had been removed, as indeed it had, Wagner is the last writer in the world to be "arranged" for the piano, or even to pianos, as in this instance. You

can give on the piano a fair notion of the combinations of Haydn, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, even of Schumann, and, to some extent, of Brahms, but *not* of Wagner, even when Ehrlich does his best. The concerts of the Misses Suto were distinguished artistic successes. They each played with fine taste and consummate precision. I did not hear one single wrong note, and it is only fair to add that their programmes were made up of pieces written expressly for two pianofortes, which rendered their choice somewhat limited.

A *Model Trilby*, a burlesque of the piece now running at the Haymarket Theatre, contains some very sprightly music by Herr Meyer Lutz who, himself, conducts this very entertaining and witty skit by Messrs. Brookfield and W. Yardley. There is, indeed, as much music as, if not more music than dialogue, and all the songs, duets and concerted numbers carry with them a buoyancy and *élan* that have latterly been too frequently conspicuous by their absence. One of the great charms of *A Model Trilby* is that it takes one back to the old days of Gaiety Burlesque,—to the days when burlesque *was* burlesque, and not merely an opportunity for the display of three scene-painters, two or three librettists (with somebody else to write the "lyrics") and velvet brocade at some outrageous price per yard. The skit is, perhaps, rather severe, for the weak points of that vastly overrated book "*Trilby*" are accentuated with scathing irony. But after all it is surely time that such an absurdly inflated bubble should be pricked. Even Mr. Du Maurier should experience some dissatisfaction with his work when he reflects that it has achieved the crowning degradation of appealing with the force of a "boom" to the American public.

THE "*Trilby*" at the Opera Comique really sings like an angel, which is more than she does at the Haymarket. Miss Kate Cutler combines the most remarkable versatility and grace, with a particularly engaging voice and method. She is also very distinct in her enunciation, and the parody of "Ben Bolt," as also her whistling song, were given with a purity and ease that defy description. It is a very beautiful and uncommon thing to see an actress who can be not only vocal but natural on the stage. Miss Kate Cutler dances, too; and I think she could do anything to which she gave her mind. As it is, she merely looks, sings, dances, whistles, dresses, and plays the part to perfection. It is quite obvious to me that there is no young lady born in the same decade as herself who can approach her as combined vocalist and actress in comic opera.

THE other principal members of the cast—especially Mr. Farren Soutar (Taffy) and Mr. Robb Harwood (Svengali), were exceedingly good. Mr. Harwood was, to use a cant phrase, "as like Mr. B. Tree as made no difference." Mr. Eric Lewis, a sterling and often brilliant actor, was splendid in his spoken dialogue, but failed to do full justice to his first song. This was the more to be regretted in that the authors had composed for him one of the gems of the production. The music was first rate of its kind, and the lines were so many polished epigrams, but the singer—well, the singer did not rise to the occasion. Anybody who wants to laugh quietly but sincerely, anybody who loves fantastic wit as opposed to vulgar horse-play, will do well to take an early trip to *A Model Trilby*.

P. R.

BEETHOVEN.

In the present month occurs the 125th anniversary of Beethoven's birth, and the occasion seems a suitable one on which to consider in general terms his position in the history of his art. To a large extent there has grown up about Beethoven the same atmosphere that, in England at any rate, surrounds Shakespeare—they are, to the ordinary man, half-legendary names endowed with all the conceivable perfections of everyone else, whose lightest expression it is impious to decry or even to question. But as we shall usually find that the average Englishman who talks most rhapsodically about Shakespeare really knows his works very slightly, so many persons will talk about Beethoven's greatness merely from conventional habit. We can acknowledge that Shakespeare is probably the greatest poet of the modern world, without shutting our eyes to the fact that he wrote a good deal which no one would now read but for his name; we can acknowledge that Beethoven is probably, taken all in all, the greatest composer who ever lived, without thereby being led to deny the existence of a very considerable residue of more or less uninspired work from his hand. We are altogether far too apt to talk of great men as if they were somehow completely freed from human imperfections—as if they should be credited with the sole merit of everything that took place in their lifetime, and we had only to turn to any authentic work of theirs to revel in the highest beauties. As a matter of fact, no great man, unfortunately perhaps, has ever been self-critical enough to resolutely destroy everything but what displays him at his best. But on the other hand, perhaps it is as well that we have these inferior works left—they show us, as nothing else could do, that the great men of literature and art are after all beings of the same sphere with ourselves.

Beethoven is often taken as the great instance to prove that the highest music satisfies at once the musician and the ordinary public; but this statement can only be accepted with considerable reservation. It is really no argument one way or the other—it is only an accident—if a great artistic work happens to appeal to non-artistic people; and as a matter of fact the very greatest works rarely do so, at any rate not through their most artistic qualities. What are generally the most "popular" works of Beethoven—the Pastoral Symphony, the Septet, the "Kreutzer" Sonata, the "Pathétique" Sonata, the C sharp minor Sonata (really the ridiculous "Moonlight" name might be dropped)—are not those which the musician naturally thinks of as the highest expressions of the composer. The ordinary person who talks of the popularity of Beethoven as one of his greatest merits would very probably talk of the popularity of Mendelssohn in one and the same breath; what he likes is a simple tune, and he fails very often to see that there may be all the difference in the world between one simple tune and another. If he really conscientiously thinks that there is any comparison of any sort possible between a typical tune of Beethoven and one of Mendelssohn, he merely shows that he is introducing into a purely artistic question a feeling—the mere appreciation of non-complexity as such—which has really nothing whatever to do with it. Again, we hear it said that all Beethoven ever wrote must be so perfect, because he took such immense labour over all his work; but this argument from the sketch-books proves really nothing, except that he naturally thought on paper all the details which most composers think in their heads. Any composer of any sort who does not take the first thing that occurs to him as the final form, necessarily goes

through more or less the same process as Beethoven; it is absurd to suppose that this exempts him from inequality of inspiration. There is, beyond any doubt, quite as large a residue of uninteresting matter in Beethoven as in any other great composer—in estimating his real powers we are entitled, as in all similar cases, merely to look at him at his best.

And Beethoven at his best, there is no doubt whatever, is something than which music, as far as it has yet gone, can show nothing greater, nothing perhaps even equally great. Like every one else, he began by writing in the style of his day, but even in his earliest works we find, along with the ordinary conventionalities of his time, traces of something new coming into the world—something which was to make instrumental music the expression of all the moods of the human spirit, instead of only a few, and those not the deepest. Beethoven, in every work by which he lives, took himself in deadly earnest—not by any means that he was always what one is accustomed to call "serious," far from it; but his greatest music is always the faithful reflex of some living mood, some actual human spiritual experience. Not that we would wish to afford the very slightest countenance to that absurd custom, so prevalent among certain writers, of trying to make out what a composer "meant" by his abstract music—all instrumental work ought to mean, and *can* mean, nothing whatever in the shape of a "programme"; all Beethoven's greatest music means nothing but a vague, ideal, phase of spiritual temperament, but *that* is caught with an emotional and intellectual force to which almost every previous composer was an utter stranger. Out of, say, the twenty greatest works of Beethoven, we can get a psychological picture of a definite man who is as powerfully and firmly drawn as any character in Shakespeare. Whatever we may think on the question of the intrusion of the artist's particular personality into his art, we see Beethoven in his music very nearly as plainly as we see, for example, Rousseau in his "Confessions." We see his extraordinary strength and nobility of ethical feeling, with those touches of a great tenderness that is never sentimental; we see his roughness and brusque defiance of character, with all its humour and jesting and pure boisterousness of animal spirits; and we see, more especially in the later works, a strange sort of wistfulness and almost mystical longing, as of one "moving about in worlds not realised," which makes some of his last compositions among the most intensely individual things in all music. Not that there is any use in rhapsodising, as a well-known writer on Beethoven has done, about his "message of religious love and reconciliation"—words like these have little real meaning; we must take the works as they stand without forcing into them what is not there. And what is there is certainly quite enough for us. We need not dwell on the perfection of intellectual structure, the economy of material, the unerring instinct for the right effects—these are to some extent things that might conceivably be taught; but there are other things which could never be taught, and these are the thoughts which form the network of his greatest music. "From the heart they come, and to the heart they go," wrote Beethoven himself. Emotionalism undisciplined is indeed but a poor thing, and probably does much more harm than good; but Beethoven's emotionalism is the reverse of undisciplined—it is the supreme type in music of a strength which even in its greatest beauty hardly ever ceases to be stern.

There is not much use in trying to make comparisons between what are called the second and third styles of

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Beethoven's work. Here in England the opportunities of hearing the last quartets or the Mass in D are so regrettably few that to many music like this seems strange merely through unfamiliarity; yet probably it is quite true that to most persons the masterpieces of Beethoven's second style, like the great concertos, the Rasoumowsky quartets, the Eroica, C minor, and A major symphonies, and so on, will always appeal with the stronger force. We would not say that the Choral symphony, or the Mass in D, or the late quartets or piano sonatas, are either greater or less than these, but rather that they are different. Of course we can see the development of one style into the other; but in the last works we can trace a sort of struggle as if the scale of the thoughts to be expressed was outrunning the possible means of expression. As in Bach we find forecasts of the most advanced harmony of the present day, so in these last works of Beethoven we find forecasts of the modern dramatic music which are startling to anyone who forgets how profoundly Wagner steeped himself in the late quartets of his spiritual master. And so Beethoven really gathers up in himself all the threads of his art. His great masterpieces in his second style are the inheritance from Bach and Haydn and Mozart, and the birthright of Schubert and Schumann and Brahms, while those of the third style are the emotional forerunners of Wagner and all the modern dramatic movement. The two sets of masterpieces stand side by side, and between them they have influenced all great music ever since down to the very root. It is no use making comparisons between the two—let us only be thankful we have both.

ERNEST WALKER.

V A R I A .

THERE are many signs that modern French music is becoming more and more at home in England. Not to speak of Berlioz, who belongs to an earlier generation, we find the music of Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Godard, performed with a frequency only to be equalled by the popularity of writers like Guilman among organists; and under the circumstances it may be worth while to consider briefly the salient characteristics of the school. In many cases it is no doubt true that a portrayal of any such thing as a "national type" is impossible; but in this special instance the task is rendered easier owing to the curious similarity of general character in French artistic work, springing perhaps—who shall say?—from their, in some ways, very marked insularity as a nation. Of course there are exceptions; Bruneau, who seems really one of the coming men, and Lalo, have developed styles which are in some respects much less characteristically French than those of most of their colleagues, and a man like Bizet showed similar signs of breaking off from the traditional method. But, as a rule, it holds good that in modern French music, more than in any other, we can see a definite national style, the consideration of which is in many ways very interesting. We see in it, perhaps before all else, that universal feeling for refined workmanship which distinguishes the French mind to so pre-eminent an extent. French music is unsurpassable in all such qualities as daintiness, grace, piquancy; it can express particular moods with a subtleness that no other music can rival, and it has a lightness of touch and an appreciation of fine shades of sensation which are very remarkable. French music

is essentially Parisian—it has no provincial maladroitness about it; it knows its ends clearly, and takes the shortest and surest ways to reach them. But there is another side to the picture. It is comparatively rare to come across a modern French work (excluding, of course, Berlioz and Bizet, and one or two more) which has real intellectual strength in it. The religious music loses itself in purely emotional sensuousness which is really of no particular artistic value—it principally alternates between artificial antiquarianism and theatrical voluptuousness, and we have consequently specimens of church music like Gounod's *Masses* or *The Redemption*—one of the most hopeless works of the generation—or the sugary nothings of Guilman. The operatic music certainly paints particular situations with wonderful skill, and the best operas of to-day have quite shaken themselves free, as indeed Gounod later on did himself, from the vulgarity which so greatly disfigures many parts of *Faust*; yet still, even in this most successful branch of the art, we feel occasionally a certain intellectual void. It is the same with songs—in refinement and grace of style and workmanship they are perhaps unequalled, but for real intellectual quality we must look elsewhere. Not that there is not a great deal of French music which deals with deep subjects; but as a rule we feel that there is a want of real depth about their treatment. After all, the great drawback of modern French music is that there is so little real purely instrumental tradition. Things like the concertos and symphonic poems of Saint-Saëns, for example, are totally devoid of intellectual ideas adequate to their scope; they are full of pleasant little conceptions suitable for slight *salon* pieces, but as themes for extended serious compositions they have no *raison d'être* whatever. French music is more and more passing into the despotism of the opera, which is rapidly colouring all non-operatic music; there is little inducement for purely instrumental composers, though really after all an instrumental training is the best by which to acquire real musicianship. The French training, whether of singer or player, gives great technical skill, and a "style" which is very marked, and in its way very pleasing; what as a general rule (of course there are numbers of exceptions) it does not give is intellectual depth of conception, and the power of really knowing good music from bad. Of course the ideal is perfect technique combined with perfect musicianship, but we do not very often, to say the least, meet with this; and as a general rule, there can be little doubt that the artistic atmosphere of Germany is far higher than that of France. No great German artist would consider himself or herself aggrieved at being asked to take a small part in a masterpiece; in France this would not, we fear, at least as frequently, be the case. The average German music of to-day no doubt lacks many excellent qualities possessed by the average French music; but it makes up for these deficiencies by generally much greater seriousness of aim. Of course music that aims at seriousness before all else may very easily lose itself in the depths of obscure dulness, which is the final extinction of any artistic interest whatsoever; but on the other hand, French delicacy and piquancy may often be beaten out so fine that we see the real paucity of intellectual ideas beneath the graceful exterior. In its own spheres nothing could be more delightful than the best French work; but no one, at any rate of Teutonic blood, would dream of going to it in those deeper moments when what we want is something intellectually satisfying, something emotionally strong.

WE were speaking last month of the autumn festival at Meiningen, and touched on the subject of the wonderful musical attainments of the smaller German towns; and in connection with this point we have recently been furnished with some interesting statistics of the Theatre of Coburg—like Meiningen, a small town of some 12,000 inhabitants, and quite off the main lines of traffic. During the past financial year the total receipts of the Coburg Theatre amounted to 315,672 marks—nearly £16,000; of this sum 126,100 marks was derived from the sale of tickets, and, of the remainder, 75,172 marks was furnished out of the revenues of the State lands and of the municipality of the town, and 114,000 marks out of the purse of the reigning Duke, who also makes up any deficit, if such happens to exist. The general salaries of the artists are also mentioned in the report—4,000 to 5,000 marks to the conductors, 3,000 to 5,000 to the solo singers, while the band and chorus rise gradually from 1,000 marks upwards. As all these salaries include life pensions on retirement, the appointments, being permanent as well as artistically satisfying, always attract a constant supply of excellent *matériel*; while some other expenses, elsewhere often very heavy, are largely reduced owing to the fact that Coburg is one of the homes of the manufacture of dramatic scenery, which is there produced in the best style, and exported to the principal musical centres of Germany. Nor should we think that this constant flow of artistic life in a small town involves any monotony; when the Coburg company was in London last summer, the fact that most attracted attention was the singular versatility which enabled them to perform dramas of all kinds and styles with equal ease. Lists of all the works performed at Coburg since the inauguration of the theatre in 1827 lie before us; and they include all the great dramas and operas of all nationalities, with lighter works for relief, while among the names of the artists are to be found many who have been very well known a long way beyond Coburg. The whole record is extremely striking, especially if we compare with that of any town twice the size in England. We have on the one side a complete resident company, capable of doing any musical or dramatic work whatsoever; on the other side we have simply a blank. After all, state aid is what we want, as we said last month. We cannot hope under any other circumstances to rival the musical deeds of these little towns in Germany; their state subsidies, increased by the private generosity of the state heads, enable their artistic organisations to establish themselves firmly as an essential element in the town life. The inhabitants go to the theatre as regularly as fashionable society in England or France or Italy to the opera; but they go to hear the music, which makes all the difference.

E. W.

MUSIC IN COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.

*** *In view of the musical influence of Colleges and Public and High Schools, we shall be glad to receive communications respecting any musical events that may take place. Such notices, however, should reach us by the 18th day of the month.*

PORTSMOUTH.—A concert was given by the Girls' High School in the Town Hall on October 25th, under the direction of Mr. John Farmer. A selection from Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* for sopranos and altos and string orchestra formed the principal item in the programme, which also included works by Rossini, Miss A. E. Horrocks, and the conductor.

LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—In the work of this Institution considerable activity has been displayed during the past month. On October 26th the annual meeting and distribution of certificates and prizes took place at Newcastle centre, the Mayor (Alderman W. H. Stephenson) presiding. A large audience assembled, and during the evening an excellent programme of music was gone through, Mr. Geo. Dodds, L. Mus., L.C.M., the local representative, also reading his annual report.—At Leeds centre, on the 12th ult., the Annual Invitation Concert and Distribution took place. The Rev. A. E. Campbell presided, the certificates and prizes being handed to the successful candidates by the Hon. Mrs. Campbell. In the course of the proceedings Dr. Horton Allison, F.R.A.M. (Member of the Board of Examination), delivered an address, and a report, showing the progress of the Leeds centre during the past twelve months, was read by Mr. R. E. Thomas the local representative. Dr. Spark the city organist, and others were also present at the meeting.—At the new premises of the College in Great Marlborough Street, the second students' concert of the season took place on October 26th. Amongst those taking part were the College choir and orchestra of 120 members, conducted by Dr. Churchill Sibley, Miss Hilda Stephens, Miss Kate H. Hartshorn, A.L.C.M., and Miss Florence Sheppard.—On the 13th ult. Herr Poznanski gave a Violin Recital in the Lecture Hall before a large and fashionable audience. The various selections were rendered with much taste and brilliancy of execution, several items being re-demanded. Vocal contributions were given by Mlle. Cécile La Tarche, and excellent service was rendered at the piano by Miss Eva Lonsdale and Mr. C. Godolphin Osborne, L.R.A.M.

DOINGS IN THE PROVINCES.

*** *To obviate any interesting event in the Suburbs or Provinces escaping attention, we shall be glad to receive communications from local correspondents. These, however, must reach us before the 18th day of the month.*

OXFORD.—From a financial point of view, there have certainly been too many concerts recently in Oxford; but at any rate the musical world here cannot complain of either the quantity or the variety of the material supplied to them. On October 20th, Herr Richter brought down his complete London orchestra. The programme included Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, Schubert's "Unfinished," the *Tannhäuser* Overture, and some of those inartistic medleys of disconnected fragments from Wagner's dramatic works, to which Herr Richter is so unfortunately addicted. It is really a matter for very great regret that the practice of presenting these *potpourris* of purely stage music in concert-rooms seems to be spreading so largely. It is unnecessary to dwell on the wonderful merits of Herr Richter's best interpretations, with their splendid breadth and dignity—the Beethoven Symphony especially was given to perfection; but the Schubert item was hardly so successful, and in portions of the Wagner numbers Herr Richter's want of the *diablerie* of conductors like Mottl was rather prominently marked.—On November 14th, the second of the Musical Club's Public Classical Concerts took place, when very fine performances were given of Schubert's Octet and Goetz's Piano Quintet in C minor. Mr. A. Gibson was the first violin; and Miss Agnes Zimmermann, besides taking part in the quintet, also played some solos in her usual solid, but very unimaginative, style. Mr. Plunket Greene (accompanied by Mr. Ernest Walker) gave two songs of Schubert and two Irish folk-tunes with all

his customary great dramatic insight and poetical feeling.—Señor Sarasate and Madame Berthe Goldschmidt gave a concert on November 21st. Señor Sarasate played three of his own Spanish Dances with all his well-known extraordinary technical skill and consummate sensuous beauty of tone; but in Bach's A major Sonata and Schubert's Rondo in B minor his utter lack of anything like dignity or passion or intellect came out, as it always does in his playing of really serious music. A great artist is not made solely by ideal fingers or by the power of drawing a wonderful tone out of an ideal instrument; and a sort of icy-cold voluptuousness is not the proper mood for the interpretation of great music. Madame Goldschmidt's touch and general style have considerably improved since we last heard her: some of her solos were really admirably given, though she is never very sympathetic in the deeper music.—There have been no fewer than four ballad concerts in the past month. The Meister Glee Singers have, as usual, been heard in deplorable music; Miss Macintyre, Miss Clara Butt, Madame Alice Gomez, Mr. Norman Salmond, and other well-known singers have met with their usual success, in spite of the fact that they, generally speaking, took but little pains in the choice of music.—Mr. John Saunders made a favourable impression on November 6th in some well-selected violin pieces, which he gave with striking neatness and dexterity of execution, and great purity of intonation; unfortunately, however, these gifts are largely counterbalanced by his very tame and effeminate style.—On November 9th Herr Felix Dreyschock, "the celebrated pianist from Berlin," played some piano solos with considerable dexterity, but very little in the shape of intellectual style or real power of interpretation; and Miss Esther Palliser, Miss Meredyth Elliott, Mr. Charles Chille, and Mr. Ffrangcon Davies furnished a vocal programme which we would fain hope was very nearly unique. There were indeed a few exceptions (the credit of which goes to Miss Palliser), but the main portion of the evening's entertainment consisted of "royalty ballads" of the very worst kind, some specimens of Piccolomini and Gerald Lane being indeed, both as regards words and setting, on about the lowest conceivable plane of this form of so-called "music." What makes the matter the more regrettable is the fact that all these singers possess voices worthy of far better things.—At the Balliol Sunday concerts the principal works performed have been sonata for piano and violin in A minor (Ernest Walker), trio for piano and strings in B minor (D. F. Tovey), piano concerto in D minor (Mozart), orchestral suite in C major (Bach), lyrics for string orchestra (Ernest Walker), piano duets and solos, songs, etc. Singers—Miss Edmée de Dreux, Miss Sichel, Messrs. H. Sunman, D. de S. Bray, V. M. C. Trotter, G. W. Farmer; pianists—Messrs. E. Walker and D. F. Tovey; violin—Mr. A. Gibson; violoncello—Mr. B. P. Parker.—At the Musical Club's Tuesday evening meetings the recent programmes have included: String quartets in F major, Op. 135 (Beethoven), in C major (Mozart); piano quartet in E flat (Rheinberger); trio in B major (Brahms), in E flat (Schubert); piano concerto in D major (Bach); sonatas for piano and violin in A major (Mozart), in F major (W. H. Hadow); sonatas for piano and cello in F major (Brahms), in D major (Mendelssohn); duo for two pianos in E minor (C. H. H. Parry), with other piano and violin solos, songs, etc. Pianists—Messrs. P. V. M. Benecke, H. A. Cumberlege, W. H. Hadow, F. Harvey, B. Harwood, C. H. Lloyd, D. F. Tovey, E. Walker; violinists—Messrs. A. Gibson, J. Ludwig, L. D'Egville, A. J. Slocombe, H. H. Joachim, R. C. Davis; viola—Messrs. A. Hobday

and E. F. Johns; violoncello—Messrs. W. E. Whitehouse, C. Ould, P. Ludwig, and P. Peruzzi; singers—Messrs. E. G. Mercer and H. Sunman.—The invitation concert of the Musical Union was held on November 21st, when the Schiever quartet played Beethoven's C sharp minor and Schumann's A minor quartets. Mr. Carl Fuchs played a 'cello solo of Tchaikowsky, and Mr. E. G. Mercer sang.

LIVERPOOL.—The second of this season's Philharmonic Society concerts, which was given on October 23rd, has a melancholy interest attached to it, inasmuch as the late and much-lamented Sir Charles Hallé wielded for the last time the baton he so ably held for many years as conductor of the society's concerts, and also that it was his last public appearance before his death, which occurred two days later. His more than usual lightness of spirits and general appearance of good health were much commented on, and no one had the slightest premonition that a gap, so hard to fill, was about to be made, or that the removal by death, of one so much respected, especially in Lancashire and the North, was so near. The concert itself was a most enjoyable one. Mendelssohn's violin concerto, with Señor Sarasate as soloist, was given. Cherubini's overture, "Lodoiska"; Smetana's "Lustspiel" overture; and Brahms' variations on a theme by Haydn, were the chief orchestral numbers. Miss Sarah Berry sang the *Inflammatus* from Dvôřák's *Stabat Mater*, and an aria from Goring Thomas' *Nadeshda*.—For the third concert of the series, Handel's ode, "Alexander's Feast," and Goring Thomas' cantata, *The Swan and the Skylark*, were set down. The concert, as a whole, was not of the brightest; the signs of mourning in respect to the memory of the late conductor, and the genuine feeling of regret at his loss, no doubt had something to do with the depressed atmosphere of the place. The principals were Madame Amy Sherwin, Miss Dews, Mr. Iver McKay and Mr. Andrew Black. Mr. Black sang magnificently, his rendering of the famous solo "Revenge Timotheus cries!" being particularly noteworthy. Mr. Iver McKay seemed more at ease with Goring Thomas' music than with that of the Handel work, and while singing on the whole well, evidently felt the strain of the amount of work thrown upon him, the tenor having to bear the brunt of the solo work in both. Madame Amy Sherwin's voice, though pleasing and correct, was quite inadequate to the acquirements of the music, which called for a more robust organ than hers. The chorus were at times very fine, though more than once showing signs of uncertainty and want of precision in attack. Dr. Stanford conducted.—The concert *par excellence* of the season so far was that given by Dr. Richter and his orchestra, with Mr. Edward Lloyd as vocalist, on October 26th. The Philharmonic Hall was packed by an audience worked up to an intense state of enthusiastic approval by the magnificent rendering of the works presented. The musical interest was largely centred round the Tchaikowsky symphony (the "Pathetic," Op. 74), heard here for the first time, which, both on account of the inherent beauty of the work, and superb rendering given to it, was an unlooked-for treat and evoked a perfect torrent of applause. The remaining items—all Wagner—were Overture, "Der Fliegende Holländer"; the "Chorfritagszauber" music from *Parsifal*; Trauermarsch from *Götterdämmerung*, and the *Tannhäuser* overture—the whole being given in a manner which could leave nothing to be desired by the most fastidious.—A performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given by the Liverpool Musical Society on November 14th. Miss

Regina de Sales, Mrs. F. A. Burstall, Mr. Lloyd Chandos, and Mr. Santley were the principals. The choruses, always the strong feature in the performances of this Society, were good, the orchestra fair, the organ accompaniments by Mr. G. E. Collar decidedly erratic, and Mr. D. O. Parry conducted.

* * *

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—The venture by a local firm of music sellers to provide popular Saturday night concerts in Olympia was very successful. They provided a capital programme, which was much enjoyed by a large audience. The vocalists were Miss Esther Palliser (who was especially successful with Somervell's "Shepherd's Cradle Song"), Miss Meredyth Elliott, Mr. Charles Chillely, and Mr. Ffrangcon Davies. "The Promise of the King" (Oscar Verne), sung by Mr. Davies, wrung from the audience quite a demonstration. Miss Maud Holdom made a sympathetic accompanist. Herr Felix Dreyschock gave a number of pianoforte solos in truly artistic style; several were his own compositions. Encouraged by the success of their first venture, the same music firm arranged for another "popular," taking the form of a costume Recital of Wallace's well-worn, but still favourite opera, *Maritana*, the company including Madame Fanny Moody, a great favourite in Newcastle, Mr. Charles Manners, also deservedly popular, and nine other artists.—One of the most important annual musical fixtures is the Police Concert. It is some years now since the police inaugurated a night of their own, and as they have a way of raising large funds in the shape of annual contributions from wealthy firms, bank managers, and others, they are placed in the enviable position of being able to safely venture the best talent that can be got. This year choice fell on such first-class artists as Madame Albani, Miss Clara Butt, Mr. Andrew Black, Madame Berthe Marx-Goldschmidt, Signor Bisaccia, and Señor Sarasate. It is needless to say Olympia, in which the concert was held, was crowded to overflowing, and that the utmost enthusiasm prevailed, singers and instrumentalists alike being encored in every instance. Madame Albani sang "Dall' Aurora," from Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord*, with *obbligati* from two flutes, played by Mr. W. L. Barrett and Mr. D. S. Wood; Ardit's vocal waltz, "Rosebuds"; also in the duet, "Wie aus der Ferne." Miss Clara Butt contributed "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix," and "St. Agnes' Eve," and Mr. Andrew Black created a deep impression with his truly fine singing, especially in "Thou'rt passing hence my brother" (Sullivan). Señor Sarasate and Madame Berthe Goldschmidt played Emile Bernard's Suite, Op. 34, and were most enthusiastically applauded. The great violinist, accompanied by Herr Otto Goldschmidt, played a Nocturne of Chopin's, Zarzycki's Mazurka, and a new Spanish Dance of his own, "Peteneras." Madame Goldschmidt contributed three piano solos, and in every case encores were demanded and graciously acceded to. Signor Bisaccia accompanied with rare grace and skill, as he invariably does.—On Tuesday, November 12th, a delightful concert was given at Whitley in the Methodist Free Church there, before a large and decidedly musical audience. Whitley being within easy run of Newcastle, many families have taken up their residence there. The programme was provided by Mr. Murray, of Newcastle, the artists being a few clever pupils from his music studio. Encores were so numerous and persistent that it was unfortunately impossible to complete the programme.

SOME FOREIGN ITEMS.

At the instance of the Czar, a section of the Russian Geographical Society is about to set to work to collect and publish the finest of the old folk-songs of the people, which have been mostly handed down by oral tradition, without being written down, and are consequently in danger of being entirely forgotten.

AN Aria of Mozart (written by him in 1778 for Frau Dorothea Wendling, of Mannheim) has been discovered by Dr. Kauffman, the musical director at Tübingen. The work, about the genuineness of which there is stated to be no doubt, is spoken of as being particularly fine.

HAYDN's early and very little known comic opera *Der Apotheker* has been revived with great success at Dresden. The work was performed in Italian, and in one act instead of three, the libretto having been contracted by Dr. Hirschfeld.

BOITO's opera *Nerone*, which has been much talked about in Italy for several years, has at last, it is said, reached completion mainly through Verdi's encouragement and efforts. It remains to be seen whether the new work of the librettist-composer will attain to the success of *Mefistofele*.

THE first great Bavarian provincial festival was held at Bamberg towards the end of October. The performances included an opera on a subject of local interest, written specially for the occasion, a grand choral concert by members of all the choral societies of the kingdom, and orchestral and chamber concerts by prominent Bavarian artists. The conductor was Herr Max Leithäuser.

THERE has recently taken place at Heilbronn the first performance of a new oratorio by Herr Gustav Schreck, the cantor of St. Thomas's Church at Leipzig—the post formerly held by Bach. The work, which is entitled *Christus der Auferstandene*, met with great success, being generally regarded as one of the best productions of its class for several years past.

ON the initiative of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, a monument to Johann Nepomuk Hummel was recently unveiled at Weimar. The composer occupied the post of Kapellmeister at the Hof-Theater from 1820 to 1837, and his youngest son, the well-known landscape painter, still resides in the town.

VERDI has, it is said, recently completed a Mass for the seventh centenary of St. Anthony of Padua, as well as a number of Hymns to the Virgin (after the model of Brahms' *Marienlieder*?) to words by Boito.

HUMPERDINCK's *Hänsel und Gretel* has recently been performed at the Amsterdam Opera House with very great success. Performances of *Tristan und Isolde* and *Die Meistersinger* are announced during the coming winter season; they will be under the direction of M. Henri Viotta, the conductor of the Amsterdam Wagner Society.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters connected with the literary department of this Journal must be addressed to the Editor, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The Editor cannot undertake to return articles of which he is unable to make use.

All business letters should be addressed to the Publishers.

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19 DE 95
MUSEUM

"LUTE." No 156.

Also published separately, PRICE 3d

"O BE JOYFUL IN THE LORD."

Anthem.

Psalm 100, ver. 1 & 4.

F. PEEL,

LONDON:

PATEY & WILLIS, 44, Gt MARLBOROUGH ST., W.

MUS. BAC. OXON.

♩ = 126. *Allegro Moderato.*

ORGAN

The musical score is written for organ and voice. It begins with an organ introduction marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte) in 3/4 time. The tempo is 'Allegro Moderato' with a quarter note equal to 126 beats. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The organ part is in the left hand, and the vocal part is in the right hand. The lyrics are: 'O be joy - ful in the Lord, O be joy - ful in the Lord all ye'. The score is arranged in four systems, each with organ and vocal staves. The organ part features a variety of chords and melodic lines, while the vocal part is a simple, joyful melody. The lyrics are repeated in each system.

lands, Serve the Lord with gladness and come before His presence with a

song. O be joy-ful all ye lands. Serve the

Lord with gladness Serve the Lord with gladness and come before His

presence, come be-fore His pre - sence with a song, and

presence, come be-fore His pre - sence with a song, and

presence, come be-fore His pre - sence with a song, and

presence, come be-fore His pre - sence with a song, and

come be-fore His presence, His presence with a song. Come with a song.

come be-fore His presence, His presence with a song. Come with a song.

come be-fore His presence, His presence with a song. Come with a song.

come be-fore His presence, His presence with a song. Come with a song.

* SOLO TENOR.

♩ = 84 *Larghetto*.

The Lord is - gracious, The Lord is - gracious, His mer - cy is ev - er.

- last - ing, His mer - cy is ev - er - last - ing, and His truth, His truth en - dureth, en -

- dur - eth from gener - a - tion, to gener - a - - - - tion, The Lord is

gracious, The Lord is gracious, and His truth, His truth en-

cres:
- dur - eth from gen - er - a - tion to gen - er - a - - - - tion to

mf The Lord is gracious, The Lord is
ritard *cres* *dim* The Lord is gracious, The Lord is
mf gen - er - a - - - - tion. The Lord is gracious, The Lord is
mf The Lord is gracious, The Lord is
ritard *cres* *dim* *L'istesso tempo.*

gracious, His mer - cy is ev - er - last - ing, His mer - cy is ev - er - last - ing and His

truth, His truth en - dur - eth from gen - er - a - tion to gen - er - a - tion. For the

Lord, the Lord is gracious, For the Lord, the Lord is gracious, and His

truth, His truth en - dur-eth from gen - er - a - tion to gen - er - a - tion, from

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gen - er - a - tion to gen - er - a - tion, to gen - er - a - - - - tion.

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gen - er - a - tion to gen - er - a - tion, to gen - er - a - - - - tion.

CHORUS.
♩ = 126.

O be joy - ful in the Lord, O be joy - ful in the Lord all ye

O be joy - ful in the Lord, O be joy - ful in the Lord all ye

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O be joy - ful in the Lord, O be joy - ful in the Lord all ye

Allegro Moderato

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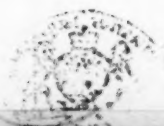
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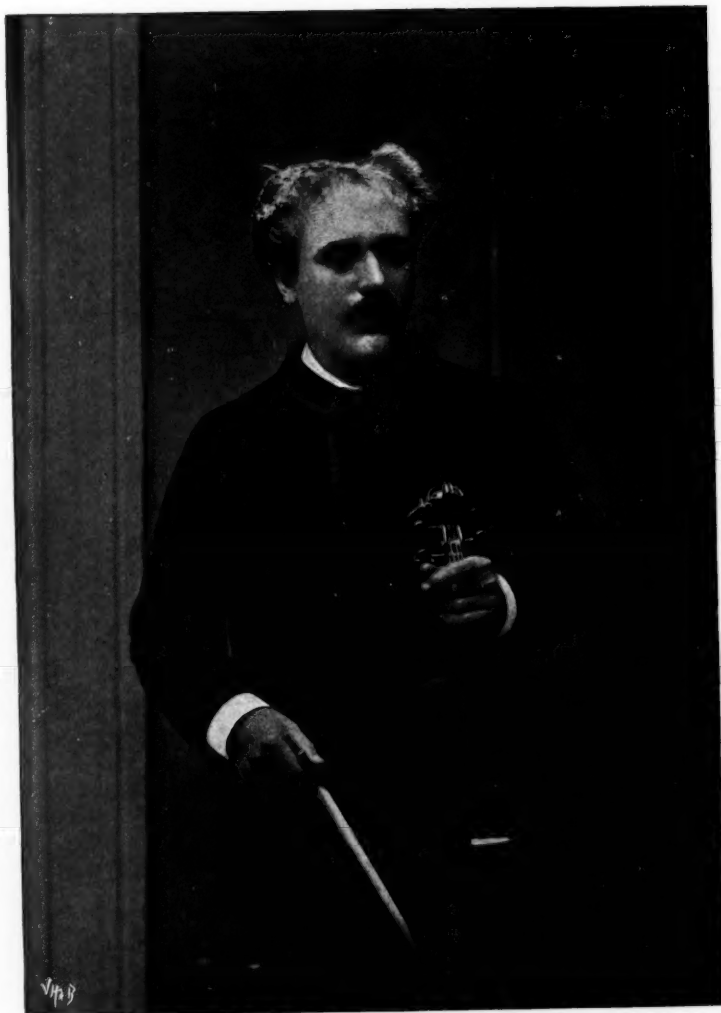
joy-ful in the Lord, O be joy-ful all ye lands. O be joy-ful, be joy-ful, O be

joy-ful, be joy-ful, O be joy-ful in the Lord, be joy-ful all ye lands and

serve the Lord with gladness, and come be-fore His pre-sence with a song. and

come be-fore His presence, His pre-sence with a song.





SENOR SARASATE.

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